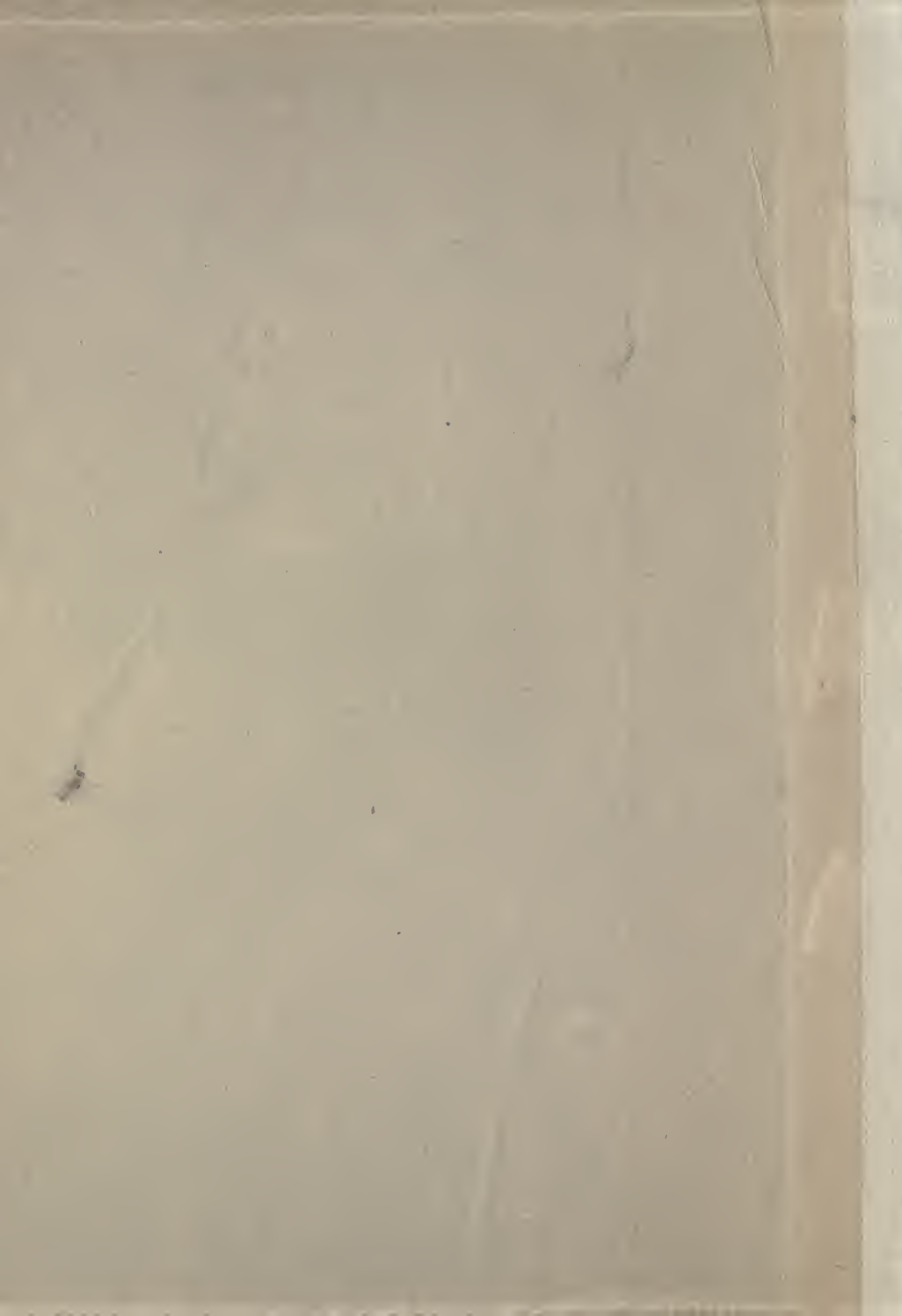


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THE  
BUTTERFLY'S BALL,



AND THE  
GRASSHOPPER'S FEAST.



By Mr. ROSCOE.

ILLUSTRATED WITH ELEGANT ENGRAVINGS.

LONDON:

Printed for J. HARRIS, Successor to E. NEWBERY,  
at the Original Juvenile Library, the Corner of  
St. Paul's Church Yard.  
1808.

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with uncut edges, price Half-a-Crown,*

# GOODY TWO-SHOES

A FACSIMILE REPRODUCTION

OF THE

EDITION OF 1766

WITH AN INTRODUCTION

GIVING SOME ACCOUNT OF THE BOOK AND SOME SPECULATIONS  
AS TO ITS AUTHORSHIP

BY

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The first book in this series which was known as *Harris’s Cabinet* was “The Butterfly’s Ball,” and was published in January 1807. This was followed in the same year by “The Peacock at Home” (a sequel to “The Butterfly’s Ball”), “The Elephant’s Ball,” and “The Lion’s Masquerade;” and then (prompted no doubt by the success of these, for we learn on the publisher’s authority that of the two first 40,000 copies were sold within twelve months) Mr Harris brought out a



torrent of little books of a like kind, of which the titles were : "The Lioness's Ball," "The Lobster's Voyage to the Brazils," "The Cat's Concert," "The Fishes' Grand Gala," "Madame Grimalkin's Party," "The Jackdaw's Home," "The Lion's Parliament," "The Water King's Levée;" and in 1809, by which time, naturally enough, the idea seems to have become quite threshed out and exhausted, the last of the Series was published; this was entitled, "The Three Wishes, or Think before you Speak."

Of this long list of books a few of the titles are still familiar, and one of them, "The Butterfly's Ball," may certainly claim to have become a Nursery Classic. It is still in regular demand; the edition now in sale being illustrated by Harrison Weir; it has been published in various forms, and has figured in most of the collections of prose and verse for the young that have been issued during this century. Probably to the minds of hundreds of people past middle age few lines are more familiar than the opening couplet—

"Come take up your hats, and away let us haste  
To the Butterfly's Ball and Grasshopper's Feast"—

and many no doubt by a little effort of memory could repeat the whole poem.

Hardly less famous were the three books which next



followed in order of issue—"The Peacock at Home," "The Elephant's Ball," and "The Lion's Masquerade." Their original size was 5 by 4 inches, and they were issued in a simple printed paper wrapper. It is of these first four books that the reprint is here given, and in order to present both pictures and text with greater effect this reprint has been made upon considerably larger paper; the text and illustrations are fac-simile reproductions of originals from the celebrated Flaxman collection recently dispersed at a sale by Messrs Christie, Manson, & Woods, when Mr Tuer, to whom I am indebted for their loan, became their fortunate possessor. "The Butterfly's Ball" is not a reproduction of the first edition, which, as will be shown later on, would be considered by those who are familiar with the poem as incomplete. Moreover, the illustrations in the edition here presented are obviously by the same hand as that which embellished the other three books, and it was felt that for these reasons it would possess a greater interest.

"The Butterfly's Ball" first appeared in the November number of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, where it is said to have been written by William Roscoe—M.P. for Liverpool, the author of "The Life of Leo X.," and well known in the literary circles of his day—for the use of his children, and set to music by order of their Majesties for the Princess Mary.

When the verses were subsequently published in book form, the text and pictures were engraved together on copperplates. An edition, with pictures on separate pages, appeared early in the next year, which is the one here reproduced.

In this edition there are many variations from the previous one. The allusions to "little Robert"—evidently William Roscoe's son—do not occur in the former, and many slight improvements, tending to make the verses more rhythmical and flowing, are introduced. The whole passage, "Then close on his haunches" (p. 7) to "Chirp his own praises the rest of the night," &c. (p. 10), is an interpolation in this later edition. It is, I believe, certain that the verses were written by Roscoe for his children on the occasion of the birthday of his son Robert, who was nearly the youngest of his seven sons. No doubt when they were copied out for setting to music the allusions to his own family were omitted by the author. A correspondent of *Notes and Queries*—who is, I believe, a niece of the late Sir George Smart—says, in reference to the question of the setting of the verses to music, that—

"The MS., in Roscoe's own handwriting, as sent to Sir G. Smart for setting to music, is in a valuable collection of autographs bequeathed by the musician to his daughter. The glee was written for the three princesses—Elizabeth, Augusta, and Mary—daughters of George III. and pupils of Sir George, and was performed by them during one of their usual visits to Weymouth."

"The Peacock at Home" and "The Lion's Masquerade" were, as the title-page puts it, written "by a Lady," and we should most likely have remained in ignorance as to who the lady was if there had not been published in 1816 another little book of a somewhat similar character, entitled "The Peacock and Parrot on their Tour to discover the Author of 'The Peacock at Home,'" which, the Preface tells us, was written immediately after the appearance of "The Peacock at Home," but from various circumstances was laid aside. "In the opinion of the publishers," the Preface goes on to say, "it is so nearly allied in point of merit to that celebrated trifle that it is introduced at this late period."

The book relates in verse how the peacock and parrot—

". . . far as England extends  
Then together did travel to visit their friends,  
Endeavour to find out the name of our poet,  
And ere we return ten to one that we know it."

After long travelling—

"A path strewed with flowers they gaily pursued,  
And in fancy their long-sought Incognita viewed.  
Till all their cares over in Dorset they found her,  
And plucking a wreath of green bay-leaves they crowned her."

In a footnote is added, "Mrs Dorset was the authoress of 'The Peacock at Home.'"

Mrs Dorset, according to a note by Mr Dyce which appears on the fly-leaf of a copy of "The Peacock at Home," in the Dyce and Forster Collection at South Kensington, was sister to Charlotte Smith. Their maiden name was Turner.

The British Museum Catalogue says Mrs Dorset also wrote "The Three Wishes, or Think before you Speak," which is the last on the list of books in *Harris's Cabinet*. (See p. iv.)

It seems to be clear that the same lady wrote "The Lion's Masquerade" as "The Peacock at Home," for in "The Lioness's Ball" (a companion to "The Lion's Masquerade") the dedication begins thus—

" I do not, fair Dorset, I do not aspire,  
With notes so unhallowed as mine,  
To touch the sweet strings of thy beautiful lyre,  
Or covet the praise that is thine."

I regret that I am unable to offer any conjecture here as to the "W. B." who wrote "The Elephant's Ball:" the same initials appear to an appendix to an edition of "Goody Two Shoes," published some time before 1780, but this may be a coincidence only.

Besides the interest and merit of these little books on literary grounds, these earlier editions are especially note-

worthy because they were illustrated by the painter William Mulready, and the drawings he made for them are amongst the earliest efforts of his genius: they were executed before he had reached man's estate. It is not a little curious to observe in this connection how many artists who have risen to eminence have at the outset of their career been employed in illustrating books for children; it would indeed appear that until comparatively recent years the veriest tiro was considered capable of furnishing the necessary embellishments for books for the nursery—a state of things which, we need not say, happily does not obtain in the present day. Notwithstanding this, however, these and many other little books of a bygone time abound in instructive indications of the beginnings of genius which has subsequently delighted the world with its masterpieces.

In connection with Mulready and children's books it may be interesting to note that in 1806 a little book called "The Looking Glass" was published, said to be written by William Godwin under the name of "Theophilus Markliffe." This work is the history and early adventures of a young artist, and it is known that it was compiled from a conversation with Mulready, who was then engaged in illustrating some juvenile books for the author, and the facts in it relate to the painter's early life. It contains illustrations of the talent of the subject

done at three, five, and six years old, which are presumed to be imitations of Mulready's own drawings at the same ages.

I cannot more fitly close these few words of Introduction than by quoting the quaint and curious announcement with which Mr Harris was wont to commend these little books to the public. "It is unnecessary," says he, "for the publisher to say anything more of these little productions than that they have been purchased with avidity and read with satisfaction by persons in all ranks of life." No doubt the public of to-day will be curious to see what manner of book it was that was so eagerly sought after by the children of the early days of the present century, and interested in comparing it with the more finished but often showy and sensational productions of our own time.

C. W.

LEYTONSTONE,

*September 1883.*



THE  
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AND THE  
GRASSHOPPER'S FEAST.

BY MR. ROSCOE.

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LONDON:

PRINTED FOR J. HARRIS, SUCCESSOR TO E. NEWBERRY,  
AT THE ORIGINAL JUVENILE LIBRARY, CORNER  
OF ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD.

---

1808.

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*Field & Tuer, Ye Leadenhalle Presse, London.*





*FRONTISPIECE.*



*"Come take up your hats & away let us haste."*

p. 1

*Pub Jan. 25. 1868, by J. Harris. corner St. Paul's Church Yd.*

THE  
BUTTERFLY'S BALL.

---

COME take up your Hats, and away let us  
haste  
To the *Butterfly's* Ball, and the *Grasshopper's*  
Feast.  
The Trumpeter, *Gad-fly*, has summon'd the  
Crew,  
And the Revels are now only waiting for  
you.

So said little Robert, and pacing along,  
His merry Companions came forth in a  
Throng.

And on the smooth Grass, by the side of a  
Wood,  
Beneath a broad Oak that for Ages had  
stood,

Saw the Children of Earth, and the Tenants  
of Air,  
For an Evening's Amusement together re-  
pair.



*"Saw the children of earth & the tenants of air." p. 4*



And there came the *Beetle*, so blind and so  
black,  
Who carried the *Emmet*, his Friend, on his  
Back.

And there was the *Gnat* and the *Dragon-fly*  
too,  
With all their Relations, Green, Orange,  
and Blue.  
And there came the *Moth*, with his Plu-  
mage of Down,  
And the *Hornet* in Jacket of Yellow and  
Brown ;



Who with him the *Wasp*, his Companion, did  
bring,

But they promis'd, that Evening, to lay by  
their Sting.

And the sly little *Dormouse* crept out of  
his Hole,

And brought to the Feast his blind Brother,  
the *Mole*.

And the *Snail*, with his Horns peeping out  
of his Shell,

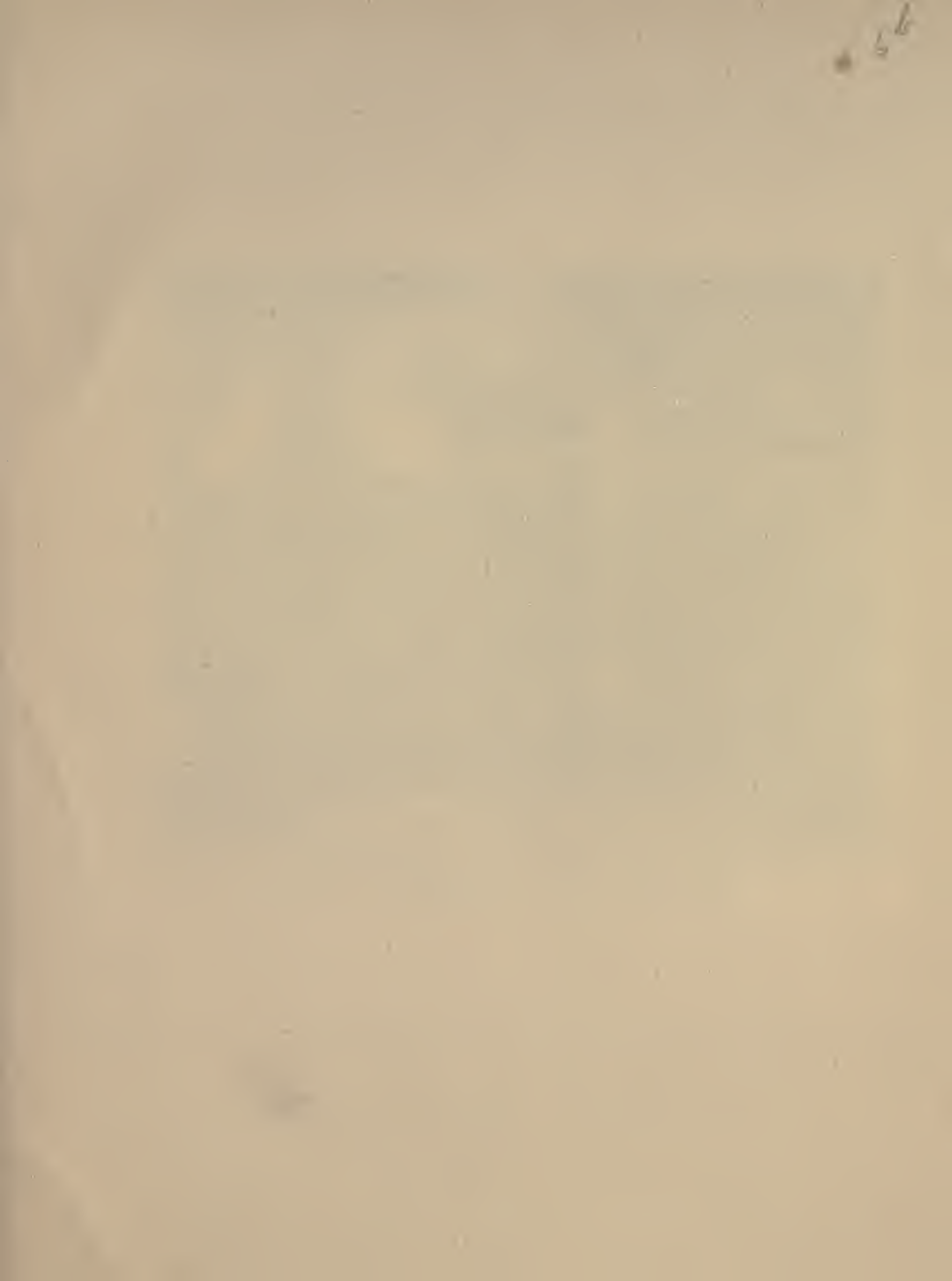
Came from a great Distance, the Length of  
an Ell.





*"And the sly little dormouse, crept out of his hole."* p. 6







*"And the Bee brought her honey," &c. p. 7*

A Mushroom their Table, and on it was  
laid

A Water-dock Leaf, which a Table-cloth  
made.

The Viands were various, to each of their  
Taste,

And the *Bee* brought her Honey to crown  
the Repast.

Then close on his Haunches, so solemn and  
wise,

The *Frog* from a Corner, look'd up to the  
Skies.

And the *Squirrel* well pleas'd such Diver-  
sions to see,

Mounted high over Head, and look'd down  
from a Tree.

Then out came the *Spider*, with Finger so  
fine,

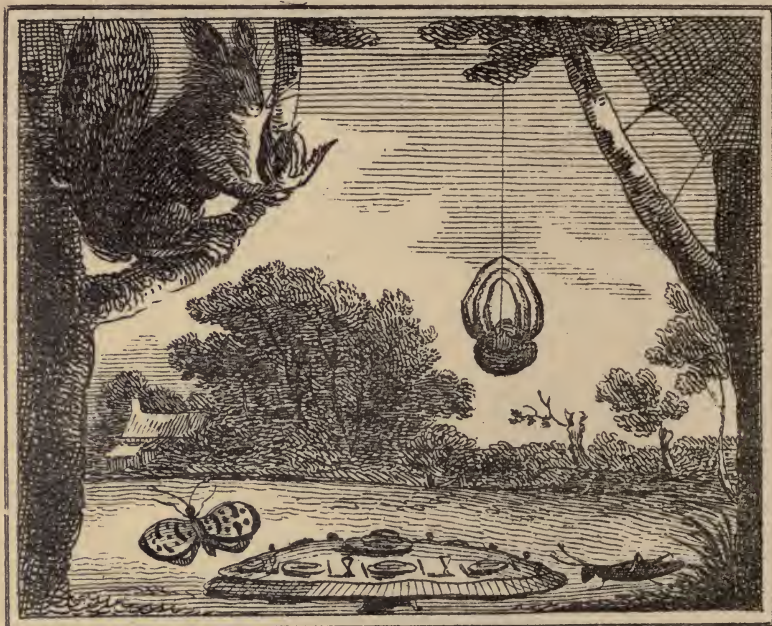
To shew his Dexterity on the tight Line.

From one Branch to another, his Cobwebs he  
slung,

Then quick as an Arrow he darted along,







*"Hung suspended in air." &c.*



But just in the Middle,—Oh! shocking to  
tell,  
From his Rope, in an Instant, poor Harle-  
quin fell.

Yet he touch'd not the Ground, but with  
Talons outspread,  
Hung suspended in Air, at the End of a  
Thread.

Then the *Grasshopper* came with a Jerk and  
a Spring,  
Very long was his Leg, though but short was  
his Wing ;

He took but three Leaps, and was soon out  
of Sight,

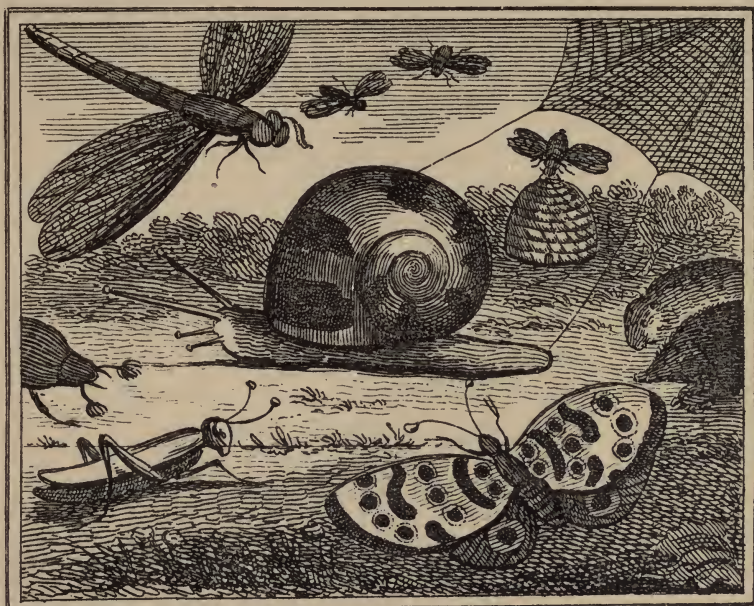
Then chirp'd his own Praises the rest of the  
Night.

With Step so majestic the *Snail* did advance,

And promis'd the Gazers a Minuet to  
dance.

But they all laugh'd so loud that he pull'd  
in his Head,

And went in his own little Chamber to  
Bed.



*"With step so Majestic the snail did advance." p. 10*







*"So said little Robert, & pacing along." &c.*

77

Then, as Evening gave Way to the Shadows  
of Night,  
Their Watchman, the *Glow-worm*, came out  
with a Light.

Then Home let us hasten, while yet we  
can see,  
For no Watchman is waiting for you and  
for me.  
So said little Robert, and pacing along,  
His merry Companions returned in a  
Throng.

END OF THE BUTTERFLY'S BALL.





13  
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C. W.

LEYTONSTONE,  
*September 1883.*

THE  
PEACOCK "*AT HOME*:"

A  
S E Q U E L  
TO THE  
BUTTERFLY'S BALL,

WRITTEN  
*BY A LADY.*

AND  
ILLUSTRATED WITH ELEGANT ENGRAVINGS.

---

L O N D O N :  
PRINTED FOR J. HARRIS, SUCCESSOR TO E. NEWBERY, AT THE  
ORIGINAL JUVENILE LIBRARY, THE CORNER OF  
ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD.

---

1807.

---

*Field & Tuer, Ye Leadenhalle Presse, London.*

THE  
PEACOCK “*AT HOME*.”

---

THE Butterfly's Ball, and the Grasshopper's Feasts,  
Excited the spleen of the Birds and the Beasts :  
For their mirth and good cheer—of the Bee was the theme,  
And the Gnat blew his horn, as he danc'd in the beam.  
'Twas humm'd by the Beetle, 'twas buzz'd by the Fly,  
And sung by the myriads that sport 'neath the sky.

The Quadrupeds listen'd with sullen displeasure,  
But the Tenants of Air were enrag'd beyond measure.

The PEACOCK display'd his bright plumes to the Sun,  
And, addressing his Mates, thus indignant begun :

“Shall we, like domestic, inelegant Fowls,

“As unpolish'd as Geese, and as stupid as Owls,

“Sit tamely at home, hum drum, with our Spouses,

“While Crickets, and Butterflies, open their houses ?

“Shall such mean little Insects pretend to the fashion ?

“Cousin Turkey-cock, well may you be in a passion !

“If I suffer such insolent airs to prevail,

“May Juno pluck out all the eyes in my tail ;

4  
Frontispiece.



"The Peacock addressing his Males. F. 4.

Pub Sep 1-1807 by J. Harris, corner St. Pauls Church Yd.





“So a Fete I will give, and my taste I’ll display,  
“And send out my cards for Saint Valentine’s Day.”  
—This determin’d, six fleet Carrier-Pigeons went out,  
To invite all the Birds to Sir Argus’s Rout.  
The nest-loving TURTLE-DOVE sent an excuse ;  
DAME PARTLET lay in, as did good Mrs GOOSE.  
The TURKEY, poor soul ! was confin’d to the rip :  
For all her young Brood had just fail’d with the pip.  
And the PARTRIDGE was ask’d ; but a Neighbour hard by,  
Had engag’d a snug party to meet in a Pye ;  
The WHEAT-EAR declin’d, recollecting her Cousins,  
Last year, to a Feast were invited by dozens.

But alas ! they return'd not ; and she had no taste  
To appear in a costume of vine-leaves or paste.  
The WOODCOCK prefer'd his lone haunt on the moor ;  
And the Traveller, SWALLOW, was still on his tour.  
The CUCKOO, who should have been one of the guests,  
Was rambling on visits to other Bird's Nests.  
But the rest, all accepted the kind invitation,  
And much bustle it caus'd in the plumed creation :  
Such ruffling of feathers, such pruning of coats  
Such chirping, such whistling, such clearing of throats,  
Such polishing bills, and such oiling of pinions !  
Had never been known in the biped dominions.



*"Such ruffling of feathers, such pruning of coats," &c.*

P. 6.

*Published by J. M. Smith, corner of Fifth Street, N.Y.*



The TAYLOR BIRD offer'd to make up new clothes ;  
For all the young Birdlings, who wish'd to be Beaux :  
He made for the ROBIN a doublet of red,  
And a new velvet cap for the GOLDFINCH's head ;  
He added a plume to the WREN's golden crest,  
And spangled with silver the GUINEA-FOWL's breast ;  
While the HALCYON bent over the streamlet to view,  
How pretty she look'd in her boddice of blue !  
Thus adorn'd, they set off for the Peacock's abode,  
With the Guide INDICATOR,\* who shew'd them the road :

\* Cuculus Indicator, a Bird of Cuckow kind, found in the interior parts of Africa ; it has a shrill note, which the Natives answer by a soft whistle ; and the Birds repeating the note, the Natives are thereby conducted to the wild Bee-hives, which this Bird frequents.

From all points of the compass, came Birds of all feather ;  
And the PARROT can tell who and who were together.  
There came Lord CASSOWARY and General FLAMINGO,  
And Don PEROQUETO, escap'd from Domingo ;  
From his high rock-built eyrie the EAGLE came forth,  
And the Duchess of PTARMIGAN flew from the North.  
The GREBE and the EIDER DUCK came up by water,  
With the SWAN, who brought out the young CYGNET, her  
daughter.

From his woodland abode came the PHEASANT, to meet  
Two kindred, arriv'd by the last India fleet :  
The one, like a Nabob, in habit most splendid,  
Where gold with each hue of the Rainbow was blended :

In silver and black, like a fair pensive Maid,  
Who mourns for her love ! was the other array'd.  
The CHOUGH came from Cornwall, and brought up his Wife ;  
The GROUSE travell'd south, from his Lairdship in Fife ;  
The BUNTING forsook her soft nest in the reeds ;  
And the WIDOW-BIRD came, though she still wore her weeds ;  
Sir John HERON, of the Lakes, strutted in a *grand pas*,  
But no card had been sent to the pilfering DAW,  
As the Peacock kept up his progenitors' quarrel,  
Which Æsop relates, about cast-off apparel ;  
For Birds are like Men in their contests together,  
And, in questions of right, can dispute for a feather.



The PEACOCK, Imperial, the pride of his race,  
Receiv'd all his guests with an infinite grace,  
Wav'd high his blue neck, and his train he display'd,  
Embroider'd with gold, and with em'ralsds inlaid.  
Then with all the gay troop to the shrubb'ry repair'd,  
Where the musical Birds had a concert prepar'd ;  
A holly bush form'd the Orchestra, and in it  
Sat the Black-bird, the Thrush, the Lark, and the Linnet ;  
A BULL-FINCH, a captive ! almost from the nest,  
Now escap'd from his cage, and, with liberty blest,  
In a sweet mellow tone, join'd the lessons of art  
With the accents of nature, which flow'd from his heart.



*"A Holly bush formed the Orchestra, and in it &c.*







*"Baron Stork in a Waltz" was allow'd to excel." &c.*

*Pub. Sep. 1-1867, by J. Harris, corner St. Paul's Church Y<sup>e</sup>.*

*L. 11.*

The CANARY, a much-admir'd foreign musician,  
Condescended to sing to the Fowls of condition.  
While the NIGHTINGALE warbled, and quaver'd so fine,  
That they all clapp'd their wings, and pronounc'd it divine !  
The SKY LARK, in extacy, sang from a cloud,  
And CHANTICLEER crow'd, and the YAFFIL laugh'd loud.  
The dancing began, when the singing was over ;  
A DOTTERELL first open'd the ball with the PLOVER ;  
Baron STORK, in a waltz, was allow'd to excel,  
With his beautiful partner, the fair DEMOISELLE.\*

\* The Numidian Crane, or Demoiselle, from the elegance of its appearance, and its singular carriage, is called the Demoiselle, which means the young Lady ; for this Bird walks very gracefully, and sometimes skips and leaps, as though it were trying to dance.



And a newly-fledg'd GOSLING, so spruce and genteel,  
A minuet swam with young Mr TEAL.  
A London-bred SPARROW—a pert forward Cit ;  
Danc'd a reel with Miss WAGTAIL, and little TOM-TIT.  
And the Sieur GUILLEMOT next perform'd a *pas seul*,  
While the elderly Bipeds were playing a Pool.  
The Dowager Lady TOUCAN first cut in,  
With old Doctor BUZZARD, and Adm'ral PENGUIN,  
From Ivy-bush Tow'r came Dame OWLET the Wise,  
And Counsellor CROSSBILL sat by to advise.  
The Birds past their prime, o'er whose *heads* it was fated,  
Should pass many St. Valentines—yet be unmated,



*"The Downy Lady Toucan, first cut in," &c.* T. 12.

*Pub. Sep 7-1807, by J. Harrie, corner of Pauls Church Yd.*



Look'd on, and remark'd, that the prudent and sage,  
Were quite overlook'd in this frivolous age,  
When Birds, scarce pen-feather'd, were brought to a rout,  
Forward Chits ! from the egg-shell but newly come out ;  
That in their youthful days, they ne'er witness'd such frisking,  
And how wrong ! in the GREENFINCH to flirt with the SISKIN.  
So thought Lady MACKAW, and her Friend COCKATOO,  
And the RAVEN foretold that "no good could ensue !"  
They censur'd the BANTAM for strutting and crowing,  
In those vile pantaloons, which he fancied look'd knowing.  
And a want of decorum caus'd many demurs,  
Against the GAME CHICKEN, for coming in spurs.

Old Alderman CORM'RANT, for supper impatient,  
 At the Eating-room door, for an hour had been station'd,  
 Till a MAGPIE, at length, the banquet announcing,  
 Gave the signal, long wish'd for, of clamouring and pouncing.  
 At the well-furnish'd board all were eager to perch ;  
 But the little Miss CREEPERS were left in the lurch.

Description must fail ; and the pen is unable  
 To describe all the lux'ries which cover'd the table.  
 Each delicate viand that taste could denote,  
 Wasps *a la sauce piquante*, and Flies *en compôte* ;  
 Worms and Frogs *en friture*, for the web-footed Fowl,  
 And a barebecued Mouse was prepar'd for the Owl ;







*"The Razor bill cared for the famishing group." &c.*

Nuts, grains, fruit, and fish, to regale ev'ry palate,  
 And groundsel and chick-weed serv'd up in a sallad.  
 The RAZOR-BILL carv'd for the famishing group,  
 And the SPOON-BILL obligingly ladled the soup ;  
 So they fill'd all their crops with the dainties before 'em,  
 And the tables were clear'd with the utmost decorum.  
 When they gaily had caroll'd till peep of the dawn,  
 The Lark gently hinted, 'twas time to be gone ;  
 And his clarion, so shrill, gave the company warning,  
 That Chanticleer scented the gales of the morning.  
 So they chirp'd, in full chorus, a friendly adieu ;  
 And, with hearts quite as light as the plumage that grew }  
 On their merry-thought bosoms, away they all flew..... }

Then long live the PEACOCK, in splendour unmatched,  
Whose Ball shall be talk'd of, by Birds yet unhatch'd;  
His praise let the Trumpeter\* loudly proclaim,  
And the Goose lend her quill to transmit it to Fame.

\* The Agami, or Trumpeter, a native of America, remarkable for a singular noise, resembling the instrument from which it takes its name.

THE END.

PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION

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THE  
**LION'S MASQUERADE.**  
A  
S E Q U E L  
TO THE  
**PEACOCK AT HOME.**

WRITTEN

*BY A LADY.*

ILLUSTRATED WITH ELEGANT ENGRAVINGS.



LONDON:

Printed for J. HARRIS, at the Original Juvenile  
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1807.

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THE  
LION'S MASQUERADE

*A SEQUEL TO*  
THE PEACOCK "AT HOME"

WRITTEN BY A LADY  
[Catherine Ann Dorset]  
A FACSIMILE REPRODUCTION

OF THE  
EDITION OF 1807

*WITH AN INTRODUCTION*

BY CHARLES WELSH

170675.

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GRIFFITH & FARRAN

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FIELD & TUER, YE LEADENHALL PRESSE, E.C.

MDCCCLXXXIII



## INTRODUCTION.

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EARLY in the present century John Harris—one of the successors to the business of “Honest John Newbery,” now carried on by Messrs Griffith & Farran at the old corner of St. Paul’s Churchyard—began the publication of a series of little books, which for many years were probably among the most famous of the productions of the House. Now, however, according to the fate which usually overtakes books for children, nearly all of them are forgotten or unknown.

The first book in this series which was known as *Harris’s Cabinet* was “The Butterfly’s Ball,” and was published in January 1807. This was followed in the same year by “The Peacock at Home” (a sequel to “The Butterfly’s Ball”), “The Elephant’s Ball,” and “The Lion’s Masquerade;” and then (prompted no doubt by the success of these, for we learn on the publisher’s authority that of the two first 40,000 copies were sold within twelve months) Mr Harris brought out a

torrent of little books of a like kind, of which the titles were : "The Lioness's Ball," "The Lobster's Voyage to the Brazils," "The Cat's Concert," "The Fishes' Grand Gala," "Madame Grimalkin's Party," "The Jackdaw's Home," "The Lion's Parliament," "The Water King's Levée;" and in 1809, by which time, naturally enough, the idea seems to have become quite threshed out and exhausted, the last of the Series was published; this was entitled, "The Three Wishes, or Think before you Speak."

Of this long list of books a few of the titles are still familiar, and one of them, "The Butterfly's Ball," may certainly claim to have become a Nursery Classic. It is still in regular demand; the edition now in sale being illustrated by Harrison Weir; it has been published in various forms, and has figured in most of the collections of prose and verse for the young that have been issued during this century. Probably to the minds of hundreds of people past middle age few lines are more familiar than the opening couplet—

"Come take up your hats, and away let us haste  
To the Butterfly's Ball and Grasshopper's Feast"—

and many no doubt by a little effort of memory could repeat the whole poem.

Hardly less famous were the three books which next

followed in order of issue—"The Peacock at Home," "The Elephant's Ball," and "The Lion's Masquerade." Their original size was 5 by 4 inches, and they were issued in a simple printed paper wrapper. It is of these first four books that the reprint is here given, and in order to present both pictures and text with greater effect this reprint has been made upon considerably larger paper; the text and illustrations are fac-simile reproductions of originals from the celebrated Flaxman collection recently dispersed at a sale by Messrs Christie, Manson, & Woods, when Mr Tuer, to whom I am indebted for their loan, became their fortunate possessor. "The Butterfly's Ball" is not a reproduction of the first edition, which, as will be shown later on, would be considered by those who are familiar with the poem as incomplete. Moreover, the illustrations in the edition here presented are obviously by the same hand as that which embellished the other three books, and it was felt that for these reasons it would possess a greater interest.

"The Butterfly's Ball" first appeared in the November number of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, where it is said to have been written by William Roscoe—M.P. for Liverpool, the author of "The Life of Leo X.," and well known in the literary circles of his day—for the use of his children, and set to music by order of their Majesties for the Princess Mary.

When the verses were subsequently published in book form, the text and pictures were engraved together on copperplates. An edition, with pictures on separate pages, appeared early in the next year, which is the one here reproduced.

In this edition there are many variations from the previous one. The allusions to "little Robert"—evidently William Roscoe's son—do not occur in the former, and many slight improvements, tending to make the verses more rhythmical and flowing, are introduced. The whole passage, "Then close on his haunches" (p. 7) to "Chirp his own praises the rest of the night," &c. (p. 10), is an interpolation in this later edition. It is, I believe, certain that the verses were written by Roscoe for his children on the occasion of the birthday of his son Robert, who was nearly the youngest of his seven sons. No doubt when they were copied out for setting to music the allusions to his own family were omitted by the author. A correspondent of *Notes and Queries*—who is, I believe, a niece of the late Sir George Smart—says, in reference to the question of the setting of the verses to music, that—

"The MS., in Roscoe's own handwriting, as sent to Sir G. Smart for setting to music, is in a valuable collection of autographs bequeathed by the musician to his daughter. The glee was written for the three princesses—Elizabeth, Augusta, and Mary—daughters of George III. and pupils of Sir George, and was performed by them during one of their usual visits to Weymouth."

"The Peacock at Home" and "The Lion's Masquerade" were, as the title-page puts it, written "by a Lady," and we should most likely have remained in ignorance as to who the lady was if there had not been published in 1816 another little book of a somewhat similar character, entitled "The Peacock and Parrot on their Tour to discover the Author of 'The Peacock at Home,'" which, the Preface tells us, was written immediately after the appearance of "The Peacock at Home," but from various circumstances was laid aside. "In the opinion of the publishers," the Preface goes on to say, "it is so nearly allied in point of merit to that celebrated trifle that it is introduced at this late period."

The book relates in verse how the peacock and parrot—

". . . far as England extends  
Then together did travel to visit their friends,  
Endeavour to find out the name of our poet,  
And ere we return ten to one that we know it."

After long travelling—

"A path strewn with flowers they gaily pursued,  
And in fancy their long-sought Incognita viewed.  
Till all their cares over in Dorset they found her,  
And plucking a wreath of green bay-leaves they crowned her."

In a footnote is added, "Mrs Dorset was the authoress of 'The Peacock at Home.'"



Mrs Dorset, according to a note by Mr Dyce which appears on the fly-leaf of a copy of "The Peacock at Home," in the Dyce and Forster Collection at South Kensington, was sister to Charlotte Smith. Their maiden name was Turner.

The British Museum Catalogue says Mrs Dorset also wrote "The Three Wishes, or Think before you Speak," which is the last on the list of books in *Harris's Cabinet*. (See p. iv.)

It seems to be clear that the same lady wrote "The Lion's Masquerade" as "The Peacock at Home," for in "The Lioness's Ball" (a companion to "The Lion's Masquerade") the dedication begins thus—

" I do not, fair Dorset, I do not aspire,  
With notes so unhallowed as mine,  
To touch the sweet strings of thy beautiful lyre,  
Or covet the praise that is thine."

I regret that I am unable to offer any conjecture here as to the "W. B." who wrote "The Elephant's Ball:" the same initials appear to an appendix to an edition of "Goody Two Shoes," published some time before 1780, but this may be a coincidence only.

Besides the interest and merit of these little books on literary grounds, these earlier editions are especially note-

worthy because they were illustrated by the painter William Mulready, and the drawings he made for them are amongst the earliest efforts of his genius : they were executed before he had reached man's estate. It is not a little curious to observe in this connection how many artists who have risen to eminence have at the outset of their career been employed in illustrating books for children ; it would indeed appear that until comparatively recent years the veriest tiro was considered capable of furnishing the necessary embellishments for books for the nursery — a state of things which, we need not say, happily does not obtain in the present day. Notwithstanding this, however, these and many other little books of a bygone time abound in instructive indications of the beginnings of genius which has subsequently delighted the world with its masterpieces.

In connection with Mulready and children's books it may be interesting to note that in 1806 a little book called "The Looking Glass" was published, said to be written by William Godwin under the name of "Theophilus Markliffe." This work is the history and early adventures of a young artist, and it is known that it was compiled from a conversation with Mulready, who was then engaged in illustrating some juvenile books for the author, and the facts in it relate to the painter's early life. It contains illustrations of the talent of the subject

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I cannot more fitly close these few words of Introduction than by quoting the quaint and curious announcement with which Mr Harris was wont to commend these little books to the public. "It is unnecessary," says he, "for the publisher to say anything more of these little productions than that they have been purchased with avidity and read with satisfaction by persons in all ranks of life." No doubt the public of to-day will be curious to see what manner of book it was that was so eagerly sought after by the children of the early days of the present century, and interested in comparing it with the more finished but often showy and sensational productions of our own time.

C. W.

LEYTONSTONE,  
*September 1883.*

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LONDON:

PRINTED FOR J. HARRIS, SUCCESSOR TO E. NEWBERRY, CORNER  
OF ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD; AND B. TABART,  
OLD BOND-STREET.

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1807.

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*Field & Tuer, Ye Leadenhalle Presse, London.*



*Frontispiece.*



*"It roused an old Lion asleep in his Den."*

*Spring: gush jr.*  
*p. 3.*

*Pub. Dec. 10. - 1807. by. L. Harris, corner S. Pauls Ch. Yd.*



THE  
LION'S MASQUERADE.

---

AS Aurora stepped forth from the gates of the East,  
With her garland of roses, and dew-spangled vest,  
A clamour unusual assaulted her ear,  
Instead of the Lark, and her friend Chanticleer,  
At least though their voices she sometimes could trace,  
They seem'd overpower'd by the whole feather'd race :  
And such was the chirping, and fluttering then,  
It roused *an old Lion* asleep in his den ;

Enrag'd at this racket so much out of season,  
He, roaring, sent out to ask what was the reason,  
And the *Jackal* soon learnt from some stragglers about,  
'Twas the company come from *Sir Argus's* rout.  
The gay *feather'd people* pursuing their flight,  
Were soon out of hearing, and soon out of sight.  
But the *King of the Quadrupeds* vainly sought rest,  
For something like envy had poison'd his breast.  
What then were his feelings the following day,  
When every creature he met on his way,  
Could talk about nothing, both early and late,  
But the Peacock's most sumptuous, and elegant fête.  
His name, through the woods as he wander'd along,  
Was still made the burthen of every song.

That the concert was exquisite, all were agreed,  
And so were the ball, and the supper indeed,  
The company too of the very first rank,  
And the wit that prevail'd, and the toasts that were drank :  
He found to his infinite rage and vexation,  
'Twas the favourite subject half over the nation ;  
And feeling no longer a relish to roam,  
He return'd to his Lioness, sullenly, home.  
" Fair consort of mine, 'tis our pleasure," he said,  
" To give very shortly, *a grand Masquerade*.  
" Tho' the Butterfly's ball, and the Grasshopper's feasts,  
" Were too mean for my notice, as King of the beasts ;  
" Now the Peacock has chosen to give a fine rout,  
" Which is heard of so much, is so blazon'd about,

"Has excited such rapture, and warm approbation,

"As threatens the rank which we hold in creation.

"Then with diligence, love, for my banquet prepare,

"And mind all the beasts of the forest are there."

'Twas the task of the *Jackal* the tickets to pen,

"*The Lion sees masks, on the twentieth, at ten.*"

It would take a whole volume distinctly to name,

The answer on answer that following came.

There were some that were sick from the changeable weather,

And some long engag'd in snug parties together.

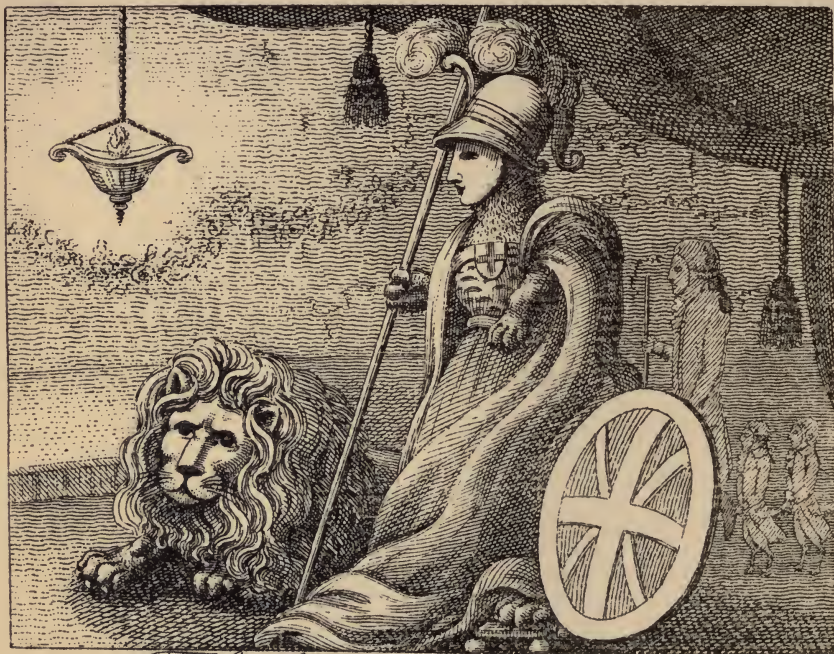
But few, very few would refuse such a thing,

As a grand entertainment announc'd by their King.

All devoted the time now to due preparation,

To decide on their character, dress, decoration.





*"The Lions willing to sanction the rest."*

At length Phœbus dawn'd on the long wish'd-for day  
 Which their beauty, their talents, and wit should display.  
 What licking, and cleaning, what endless adorning,  
 Not a creature stirr'd out the whole course of the morning ;  
 And some of their dresses were barely complete,  
 At the time they were punctually order'd to meet,  
 The *Lioness*, willing to sanction the rest,  
 With a helmet, and spear, as Britannia was drest ;  
 But the Lion, as lord of the banquet, remain'd  
 In the same noble figure that Nature ordain'd ;  
 And crouching beside her, with dignified mien,  
 Contributed much to the state of his Queen.  
 The *Jackal Lord Chamberlain* waited upon her,  
 And two *little Lap-dogs* as *Pages of Honour* :



While twelve *Orang-Outangs* were station'd without,  
To usher the company in, and about.  
At the hour which his King had thought proper to name,  
The *Horse*, as the *Hounyhm* of Gulliver came ;  
Unaccustom'd to "utter the thing that is not," \*  
He reach'd, at the moment he promis'd, the spot.  
The *Fox* then appear'd on a different scent,  
On foul depredation, and villainy bent ;  
And the dress of a *country attorney* he chose,  
To his purpose best suited, as all the world knows !  
With looks as impatient, and teeming with sin,  
The *Wolf in Sheep's-clothing* was next usher'd in.

\* Vide Gulliver's Travels.





*"A Lamb-Miss in her teens, with her Aunt an old Mutton". p. 9.*

The guests now came thronging in numbers untold,

The furious, the gentle, the young and the old.

In dominos some, but in characters most,

And now a brave warrior, and then a fair toast.

The *Baboon* as a *Counsellor*; *Alderman*, *Glutton*;

A *Lamb*, Miss *in her teens*, with her *aunt*, an *old mutton*.

It was easy to see, as this couple past by,

The *Wolf*, very knowingly, cast a *Sheep's eye*.

And now at the door was a terrible clatter,

The beasts all about wonder'd what was the matter.

A poor *Cat in pattens* came running so fast,

Her ticket was almost forgot as she past ;

But there was, it appear'd, quite enough to alarm her,  
For close at her heels came a *great Hog in armour*.  
Then follow'd his friend in a very large wig  
As a *deep-read professor*—the *fam'd learned Pig*—  
A *Bear* came as *Caliban*, loaded with wood,  
His bones full of *aches* from Prospero's rod.  
The *Greyhound* as *Vanity* holding a glass,  
The *Stag*, as *Actæon*; King *Midas*, the *Ass*.  
And next them a sullen, and obstinate *Mule*,  
As a *Dunce*, who had just been expell'd from his school.  
The *Mastiff* a brave *English sailor* appear'd,  
No friend he betray'd, and no enemy fear'd :





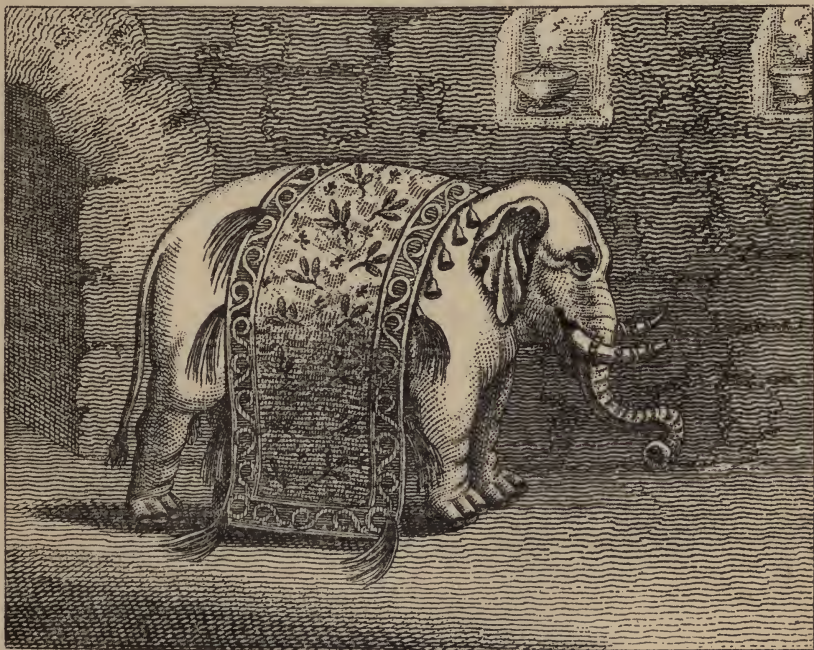
*But there was it appeared, quite enough to alarm her. p. 10.*





*Britannia* receiv'd him with mark'd condescension,  
And paid him all night, most distinguish'd attention,  
Now skipping along on the tip of his toe,  
Came a *chattering Monkey*, a Frenchifi'd beau :  
And reeling behind, in an *officer's dress*,  
Was his pert younger brother, just come from the mess ;  
With manners as forward, and strut as complete,  
As other *young Ensigns* you see in the street.  
The *Bull* came as *Taurus*, all studded with stars ;  
*Capricornus*, the *Goat* ; a *Bull-dog*, as Mars.  
Now refreshments by order were handed about,  
And the dancing commenc'd with a terrible rout ;

When suddenly silence pervaded the throng,  
Some Eastern grandees were conducted along,  
Attendants preceded with all due decorum,  
And *Spaniels*, as *courtiers*, came fawning before 'em.  
No longer in servitude bending the knee,  
And destin'd, the first of his kind, to be free,  
The *Camel* approach'd, with magnificence drest  
As a *Nabob*, who lately arriv'd from the East.  
From the Island of *Ceylon* an *Elephant* came.  
In costume complete, as the *King of Siam* ;  
Thence follow'd a *Native* of snowy white race,  
Respect and affection, were mark'd in his face,



*"Thence followed a Native of monny white race."* p. 12



An appendage of grandeur, with chowries hung round,  
And tissu'd embroidery that trail'd on the ground ;  
Round his tusks precious stones, gold, and diamonds were set,  
He was one splendid mass from his head to his feet.  
The *Tiger*, a *fierce Indian Chief* in the rear,  
Many foreigners too of distinction were there.  
This magnificent group so astonished the crowd,  
That some, in their rapture, applauded aloud.  
Supper now was announc'd ; with a terrible crush,  
To the door did the ravenous visitants rush :  
For some time none could pass, but the first that were able,  
Found, *Glutton* the *Alderman*, seated at table.



At the banquet the guests in amazement were lost,  
And the *King of Siam* took the right of his host.  
Beside him, a vase fill'd with water was plac'd,  
Of chrystal, and gold, very skilfully chac'd :  
With flow'rs of the orange the handles were bound,  
And Otto of Roses was sprinkled around—  
Before him were cocoa nuts, figs, wheat, and rice,  
The wood of acacia, banana, and spice :  
With arrack, and every delicate wine,  
That each nation can press from the clustering vine.  
To proceed were but tedious ; for every *beast*,  
As well as the *Elephant*, found a rich feast.



*"At the Banquet the guests in amazement were lost." p. 12*



And now their *great Monarch*, who quitted his seat,  
With an air of true majesty said, "I entreat,  
" As he fears my displeasure, that every *creature*,  
" Will to-night lay aside all that's bad in his nature.  
" You have heard with what harmony *Birds* can retire,  
" And their conduct in this respect all must admire.  
" In the *feather'd race* here an example we find,  
" Far better than that which is set by *Mankind*.  
" How oft have their gala's a tragical end,  
" One loses a mistress, another a friend—  
" The wife of a third has elop'd from a ball,  
" A fourth the next day in a duel must fall.

"Yes ! such are the fatal effects of excess,

"Which *reason* was given to *man* to repress.

"But now let us tell them, with pride, in their *feasts*,

"To copy the *Insects*, the *Birds*, and the *Beasts*."

The effect of his speech was immediately seen,

They all roar'd "*Rule Britannia*" in praise of his Queen,

And as soon as their *Monarch* had quitted the room,

Without growl, grunt, or grumble, they all scrambled home.

FINIS.

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## INTRODUCTION.

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EARLY in the present century John Harris—one of the successors to the business of “Honest John Newbery,” now carried on by Messrs Griffith & Farran at the old corner of St. Paul’s Churchyard—began the publication of a series of little books, which for many years were probably among the most famous of the productions of the House. Now, however, according to the fate which usually overtakes books for children, nearly all of them are forgotten or unknown.

The first book in this series which was known as *Harris’s Cabinet* was “The Butterfly’s Ball,” and was published in January 1807. This was followed in the same year by “The Peacock at Home” (a sequel to “The Butterfly’s Ball”), “The Elephant’s Ball,” and “The Lion’s Masquerade;” and then (prompted no doubt by the success of these, for we learn on the publisher’s authority that of the two first 40,000 copies were sold within twelve months) Mr Harris brought out a



torrent of little books of a like kind, of which the titles were : "The Lioness's Ball," "The Lobster's Voyage to the Brazils," "The Cat's Concert," "The Fishes' Grand Gala," "Madame Grimalkin's Party," "The Jackdaw's Home," "The Lion's Parliament," "The Water King's Levée;" and in 1809, by which time, naturally enough, the idea seems to have become quite threshed out and exhausted, the last of the Series was published; this was entitled, "The Three Wishes, or Think before you Speak."

Of this long list of books a few of the titles are still familiar, and one of them, "The Butterfly's Ball," may certainly claim to have become a Nursery Classic. It is still in regular demand; the edition now in sale being illustrated by Harrison Weir; it has been published in various forms, and has figured in most of the collections of prose and verse for the young that have been issued during this century. Probably to the minds of hundreds of people past middle age few lines are more familiar than the opening couplet—

"Come take up your hats, and away let us haste  
To the Butterfly's Ball and Grasshopper's Feast"—

and many no doubt by a little effort of memory could repeat the whole poem.

Hardly less famous were the three books which next

followed in order of issue—"The Peacock at Home," "The Elephant's Ball," and "The Lion's Masquerade." Their original size was 5 by 4 inches, and they were issued in a simple printed paper wrapper. It is of these first four books that the reprint is here given, and in order to present both pictures and text with greater effect this reprint has been made upon considerably larger paper; the text and illustrations are fac-simile reproductions of originals from the celebrated Flaxman collection recently dispersed at a sale by Messrs Christie, Manson, & Woods, when Mr Tuer, to whom I am indebted for their loan, became their fortunate possessor. "The Butterfly's Ball" is not a reproduction of the first edition, which, as will be shown later on, would be considered by those who are familiar with the poem as incomplete. Moreover, the illustrations in the edition here presented are obviously by the same hand as that which embellished the other three books, and it was felt that for these reasons it would possess a greater interest.

"The Butterfly's Ball" first appeared in the November number of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, where it is said to have been written by William Roscoe—M.P. for Liverpool, the author of "The Life of Leo X.," and well known in the literary circles of his day—for the use of his children, and set to music by order of their Majesties for the Princess Mary.

When the verses were subsequently published in book form, the text and pictures were engraved together on copperplates. An edition, with pictures on separate pages, appeared early in the next year, which is the one here reproduced.

In this edition there are many variations from the previous one. The allusions to "little Robert"—evidently William Roscoe's son—do not occur in the former, and many slight improvements, tending to make the verses more rhythmical and flowing, are introduced. The whole passage, "Then close on his haunches" (p. 7) to "Chirp his own praises the rest of the night," &c. (p. 10), is an interpolation in this later edition. It is, I believe, certain that the verses were written by Roscoe for his children on the occasion of the birthday of his son Robert, who was nearly the youngest of his seven sons. No doubt when they were copied out for setting to music the allusions to his own family were omitted by the author. A correspondent of *Notes and Queries*—who is, I believe, a niece of the late Sir George Smart—says, in reference to the question of the setting of the verses to music, that—

"The MS., in Roscoe's own handwriting, as sent to Sir G. Smart for setting to music, is in a valuable collection of autographs bequeathed by the musician to his daughter. The glee was written for the three princesses—Elizabeth, Augusta, and Mary—daughters of George III. and pupils of Sir George, and was performed by them during one of their usual visits to Weymouth."

“The Peacock at Home” and “The Lion’s Masquerade” were, as the title-page puts it, written “by a Lady,” and we should most likely have remained in ignorance as to who the lady was if there had not been published in 1816 another little book of a somewhat similar character, entitled “The Peacock and Parrot on their Tour to discover the Author of ‘The Peacock at Home,’” which, the Preface tells us, was written immediately after the appearance of “The Peacock at Home,” but from various circumstances was laid aside. “In the opinion of the publishers,” the Preface goes on to say, “it is so nearly allied in point of merit to that celebrated trifle that it is introduced at this late period.”

The book relates in verse how the peacock and parrot—

“ . . . far as England extends  
Then together did travel to visit their friends,  
Endeavour to find out the name of our poet,  
And ere we return ten to one that we know it.”

After long travelling—

“ A path strewed with flowers they gaily pursued,  
And in fancy their long-sought Incognita viewed.  
Till all their cares over in Dorset they found her,  
And plucking a wreath of green bay-leaves they crowned her.”

In a footnote is added, “Mrs Dorset was the authoress of ‘The Peacock at Home.’”

Mrs Dorset, according to a note by Mr Dyce which appears on the fly-leaf of a copy of "The Peacock at Home," in the Dyce and Forster Collection at South Kensington, was sister to Charlotte Smith. Their maiden name was Turner.

The British Museum Catalogue says Mrs Dorset also wrote "The Three Wishes, or Think before you Speak," which is the last on the list of books in *Harris's Cabinet*. (See p. iv.)

It seems to be clear that the same lady wrote "The Lion's Masquerade" as "The Peacock at Home," for in "The Lioness's Ball" (a companion to "The Lion's Masquerade") the dedication begins thus—

" I do not, fair Dorset, I do not aspire,  
With notes so unhallowed as mine,  
To touch the sweet strings of thy beautiful lyre,  
Or covet the praise that is thine."

I regret that I am unable to offer any conjecture here as to the "W. B." who wrote "The Elephant's Ball:" the same initials appear to an appendix to an edition of "Goody Two Shoes," published some time before 1780, but this may be a coincidence only.

Besides the interest and merit of these little books on literary grounds, these earlier editions are especially note-



worthy because they were illustrated by the painter William Mulready, and the drawings he made for them are amongst the earliest efforts of his genius: they were executed before he had reached man's estate. It is not a little curious to observe in this connection how many artists who have risen to eminence have at the outset of their career been employed in illustrating books for children; it would indeed appear that until comparatively recent years the veriest tiro was considered capable of furnishing the necessary embellishments for books for the nursery—a state of things which, we need not say, happily does not obtain in the present day. Notwithstanding this, however, these and many other little books of a bygone time abound in instructive indications of the beginnings of genius which has subsequently delighted the world with its masterpieces.

In connection with Mulready and children's books it may be interesting to note that in 1806 a little book called "The Looking Glass" was published, said to be written by William Godwin under the name of "Theophilus Markliffe." This work is the history and early adventures of a young artist, and it is known that it was compiled from a conversation with Mulready, who was then engaged in illustrating some juvenile books for the author, and the facts in it relate to the painter's early life. It contains illustrations of the talent of the subject



done at three, five, and six years old, which are presumed to be imitations of Mulready's own drawings at the same ages.

I cannot more fitly close these few words of Introduction than by quoting the quaint and curious announcement with which Mr Harris was wont to commend these little books to the public. "It is unnecessary," says he, "for the publisher to say anything more of these little productions than that they have been purchased with avidity and read with satisfaction by persons in all ranks of life." No doubt the public of to-day will be curious to see what manner of book it was that was so eagerly sought after by the children of the early days of the present century, and interested in comparing it with the more finished but often showy and sensational productions of our own time.

C. W.

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*Field & Tuer, Ye Leadenhalle Presse, London.*

3

THE  
ELEPHANT'S BALL,

AND

*Grand Fete Champetre.*

*&c. &c.*

THE insects and birds, with the balls and their feasts  
Caus'd much conversation among all the beasts :  
The Elephant, famous for sense as for size,  
At such entertainments express'd much surprise

Says he, "shall these impudent tribes of the air,

"To break our soft slumbers thus wantonly dare?

"Shall these petty creatures, us beasts far below,

"Exceed us in consequence, fashion, and show?

"Forbid it, true dignity, honour and pride!—

"A grand rural fête I will shortly provide,

"That for pomp, taste, and splendor, shall far leave behind,

"All former attempts of a similar kind."

The Buffalo, Bison, Elk, Antelope, Pard,

All heard what he spoke, with due marks of regard.

Frontispiece.



— *Shall these impudent tribes of the air."* p. 4

London. Pub. Dec. 5. 1807 by J. Harris corner St. Paul's Church Yd.









*"Here first came the Lion so gallant & strong". p.5.*

A number of messengers quickly he sent  
To the beasts, far and near, to make known his intent.  
The place he design'd for the scene of his plan,  
Was a valley remote from the dwellings of man :  
Well guarded with mountains, embellish'd with trees,  
And furnish'd with rivers, that flow'd to the seas.  
Here first came the Lion so gallant and strong,  
Well known by his main that is shaggy and long ;  
The Jackall, his slave, follow'd close in his rear,  
Resolv'd the good things with his master to share.

The Leopard came next—a gay sight to the eye,  
—With his coat spotted over—like stars in the sky—  
The Tiger his system of slaughter declin'd,  
At once, a good supper and pleasure to find.  
The bulky Rhinoceros, came with his bride ;  
Well arm'd with his horn, and his coat of mail hide.  
Then came the Hyena, whose cries authors say, }  
Oft lead the fond traveller out of his way, }  
Whom quickly he seizes and renders his prey. }  
The Wolf hasten'd hither, that Ruffian so bold,  
Who kills the poor sheep, when they stray from the fold.







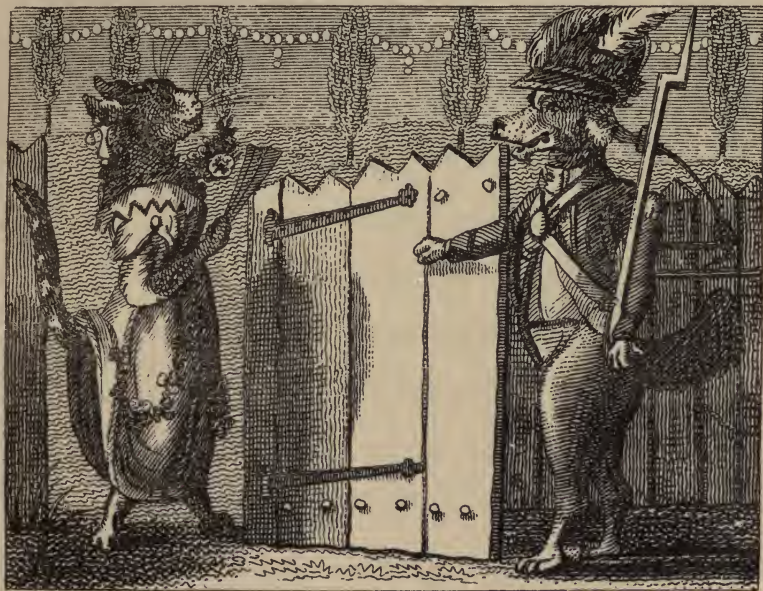
*"The Moth when Invited got up with much pain". p. 7.*

The Bear having slept the long winter away,  
Arriv'd, from the north, to be merry and gay.  
The Panther ferocious—the Lynx of quick sight,  
The Preacher \* and Glutton\* came hither that night.  
The Camel, so often with burthens opprest,  
Was glad for a while from his labour to rest.  
The Sloth, when invited, got up with much pain,  
Just groan'd out, “Ah, No!” and then laid down again.  
The Fox, near the hen-roost, no longer kept watch,  
But hied to the feast, better viands to catch.

\* Wild Beasts of that name.

The Monkey, so cunning, and full of his sport,  
To show *All his Talents* came to this resort.  
The Dog and Grimalkin\* from service releas'd,  
Expected good snacks, at the end of the feast :  
The first at the gate, as a centinel stood ;  
The last kept the Rats and the Mice from the food.  
The crowd of strange quadrupeds seen at the ball,  
'Twere tedious and needless to mention them all ;  
To shorten the story, suffice it to say  
Some scores, nay some hundreds, attended that day.—

\* The Cat.



*"The Dog at the gate as a centinel stood." p. 8.*



But most of the tame and domestical kind,  
For fear of some stratagem, tarried behind.  
Due caution is prudent ! but laws had been made—  
No Beast, on that night, should another invade.  
Before we go farther, 'tis proper to state,  
Each female was asked to attend with her mate ;  
Of these, many came to this fête of renown,  
But some were prevented by causes well known.  
Now Sol had retir'd to the ocean to sleep :  
The Guests had arriv'd their gay vigils to keep—  
Their hall was a lawn, of sufficient extent,  
Well skirted with trees, the rude winds to prevent :



The thick-woven branches deep curtains display'd ;  
And heaven's high arch a grand canopy made.  
Some thousands of lamps, fix'd to poplars were seen,  
That shone most resplendent, red, yellow, and green.  
When forms, introductions, and such were gone through,  
'Twas quickly resolv'd the gay dance to pursue ;  
The musical band, on a terrace appearing,  
Perform'd many tunes that enchanted the hearing ;  
The Ape, on the haut-boy much science display'd—  
The Monkey the fiddle delightfully play'd—  
The Orang-Outang touch'd the harp with great skill,  
The Ass beat the drum, with effect and good will,  
And the Squirrel kept ringing his merry bells still. }



*"The Monkey the fiddle delightfully play'd." p. 10.*







*"The Elephant stately majestic 8' tall." p.11.*

The Elephant, stately, majestic, and tall,  
With Cousin Rhinoceros open'd the ball—  
With dignified mien the two partners advanc'd,  
And the *De la Cour* minuet gracefully danc'd.  
The Lion and Unicorn, beasts of great fame,  
With much admiration, accomplish'd the same.  
The Tiger and Leopard, an active young pair,  
Perform'd a brisk jig, with an excellent air.  
Next Bruin\* stood up with a good natur'd smile,  
And caper'd a horn-pipe, in singular style,  
With a staff in his paws, and erect all the while.

\* The Bear.



The Fox, Wolf, and Panther, their humours to please,  
Danc'd three-hand'd reels with much spirit and ease.  
A few tried cotillions, and such like French fancies,  
But most of them join'd in John Bull's country dances.  
Some beasts were not us'd to these violent motions,  
And some were too old or too grave in their notions ;  
Of these a great many diverted their hours  
With whist, lue, backgammon, quadrille or all-fours.  
Much time being spent in these pleasing diversions,  
A motion was made to remit their exertions :  
For supper was waiting ; which, on this occasion,  
Was manag'd with skill, and exact regulation.



*"Next Bruin stood up with a good naturid smile." p.11.*



The bosom of earth a firm table supply'd—  
The cloth was green grass, with gay flow'rets bedy'd ;  
The various utensils by nature were cast,  
And suited completely this antique repast.  
The generous host had provided great plenty,  
To suit various palates, of every dainty.  
Some scores of fat oxen were roasted entire,  
For those whose keen stomachs plain beef might require.  
Profusion of veal, nice lamb, and good mutton,  
To tickle the taste of each more refin'd glutton—  
Abundance of fish, game and poultry, for those  
Whose epicure palates such niceties chose.

Ripe fruits and rich sweet meats were serv'd, in great store,  
Of which much remain'd when the banquet was o'er ;  
For, as to mild foods of the vegetive kind,  
Few guests at the table to these were inclin'd ;  
Rare hap for such persons as travell'd that way,  
By chance or design, on the following day.  
On wine and strong spirits few chose to regale,  
As most were accustom'd to Adam's old ale.  
When supper was ended, and each happy guest  
Had freely partaken of what he lov'd best ;  
Of toasts and of sentiments various were giv'n ;  
As " Health to our Host, and the Land that we live in."







*Rule Britannia, the Lion sung, &c." p. 45.*

The former was drank with huzzas, three-times-three,  
Which echo repeated with rapturous glee.  
Now mirth and good humour pervaded the throng,  
And each was requested to furnish a song,  
Which many comply'd with ; but such as deny'd,  
Some whimsical laughable story supply'd.  
The Lion, " Britannia Rule," sung mighty well :  
The Tiger, " in English Roast Beef," did excel.  
While others made all the wide valley to ring,  
With " Nile's Glorious Battle," and " God Save the King."

In such good amusements the evening they past,  
Till Aurora appear'd to the eastward at last :  
When back to their homes, they return'd one and all,  
Well pleas'd with the sports at the Elephant's Ball.

W. B.



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
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